McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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NEW INDUSTRY PRACTICALLY IS ASSURED.

An Enthusiastic Meeting of Business Men Held Last Night.

WILL HAVE NEW CUTLERY PLANT.

Three-Fourths of Necessary Stock Subscribed—Final Meeting to be Held To-Morrow Night—Subscribe for Some Stock.

Last evening a meeting was held in the parlors of the Imperial Hotel for the purpose of deciding on what should be done about locating a cutlery factory in this borough. The meeting was well attended by representative citizens and all were enthusiastically in favor of locating the new industry.

It is proposed to capitalize the company at $25,000—all local capital—and at the meeting last evening $15,000 of this amount was pledged. A committee was appointed to visit the people interested in the future welfare of Smethport and solicit subscriptions for the balance of the stock.

Although the company is to be capitalized at $25,000, it is proposed to start operations as soon as $20,000 is raised, and raise the balance later on. Cutlery plants as a rule pay good dividends on the capital stock and there is no reason why this is not a good investment for anyone who can possibly spare a hundred dollars or more from their business. It will pay a fair dividend on the capital invested as no part of this money goes in the form of a bonus. And besides it will help wonderfully in building up business in this place.

Some of those interested were in favor of making the plant much larger and if the venture is a success its capacity will be doubled within a year.

The forming of this company and the locating of this industry is of vital interest to the people of this borough and it will be an easy matter if the people will give their best efforts and a little money to the enterprise. If the committee calls on you do not turn them down but subscribe all you can. If they do not call on you come to the meeting to-morrow night and take stock at that time.

Booze Maker Arrested.

On Tuesday Constable Jones arrested William Studley, who resides in East Smethport, on a charge of making and selling intoxicating liquors. He was brought before Justice of the Peace Knapp and given a hearing and was held for the next term of court in the sum of $500 bail, in default of which he was lodged in jail.

Constable Jones has been aware for some time that something of this sort was going on and has been busy collecting evidence against the offender. He knew that Studley had been selling a compound that was intoxicating but could not get satisfactory proofs until Tuesday when he made the arrest.

Jones says that Studley manufactured this compound, which was bought for whiskey, himself and that it is made of grain alcohol or wood alcohol (whatever is easiest to get,) tobacco juice, horehound, sugar and water, and that the effect on the consumer was often very unpleasant. And is it to be wondered at if such is the mixture which they consumed?

Studley claims that his compound is a "cough and consumption cure" but admits that the ingredients used are practically the same as Jones claims.

Death of President Cassatt.

Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and considered by many the foremost constructive mind among the transportation magnates of the United States, died suddenly at his home in Philadelphia last Friday from heart failure. Mr. Cassatt had been in poor health since last summer, but up to Thursday had been attending to the business of his corporation.

Mr. Cassatt was born in Allegheny 67 years ago. He received an excellent education, part of his course being taken in Heidelberg, Germany. When he returned to America he took up the profession of civil engineering. He worked on a railroad in Georgia in this capacity and when the war broke out he came to Philadelphia and went to work for the Pennsylvania railroad in the capacity of rodman. From that position he worked his way up until he was made president of the system, and in the various positions performed most valuable work for the corporation.

The funeral services were held at his late home at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon after which a special train conveyed his remains and his sorrowing family and friends to Bryn Mawr, where interment was made.

Found—A complete stock of Munsing nion suits at Lindholm's.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

BRADFORD MAN A SUICIDE.

Floyd Finney Shoots Himself Saturday Night in a Sensational Manner.

Floyd Finney, a popular young man of Bradford, killed himself under very peculiar circumstances in that city last Saturday evening and the only explanation is that he must have been mentally unbalanced for the time.

Saturday evening Finney left his home apparently in a happy frame of mind, but it is evident that he intended to commit the rash act for on one occasion when he asked some friends to have a drink he said that it would be his last, and he also purchased the revolver he used to kill himself that afternoon. Another thing indicating his intended suicide was a note addressed to his wife, which said: "Ollie: How does this suit you?"

At about 7:30 he suggested to his friends that they go over on the avenue. They declined and he said he would go alone. Upon entering a resort he stated that he was happy and everybody in the place were told to have a good time. Seating himself at a piano in the house he began to sing the pathetic ballad, "Somewhere"—a song which describes the sorrows of a loving pair that had been separated. He took a glass of water and then proceeded about the tragic business which he had on hand.

The Era says: "He went upstairs to a room in the rear portion of the building and while alone in that apartment he pressed the leg revolver to his right temple and pulled the trigger. He was probably sitting on the bed when he did this and when Helen Cleveland, an inmate, reached the apartment soon after Finney was lying back on the bed, dead, with a gaping wound just above and back of his right eye. He was fully dressed. The weapon of death lay near his right hand where it had fallen from his grasp. Blood was flowing profusely from the man's head. The girl was terribly shocked by the spectacle and gave the alarm to the other people in the house. The police were notified and Coroner Hall was also informed of the tragedy. After making inquiries as to the circumstances of the shooting the Coroner gave permission for the body to be removed. It was taken to Koch's undertaking establishment and prepared for burial.

"The police took the women of the house to the City building where they were all closely questioned as to the details in the case. There was no question whatever as to the fact that it was clearly a case of premeditated suicide and the women were allowed to go. The purchase of the revolver and the other incidents of the affair were all of a character to convince the officials that Floyd Finney, for some imaginary grievance, had concluded to end his life."

It is said that he was not a frequenter of such places and was not known to the inmates. It was not due to anything transpiring in that locality that led Finney to commit self murder. In a mad impulse he went there to shoot himself and thereby make the case as sensational and distressing as possible. If the man were in a normal mental condition he never would have thought of anything so far out of the ordinary.

The deceased was aged about 26 years and is survived by his widow and a young son. His parents and one brother are also left to mourn his death. He had spent the greater part of his life in Bradford, had been educated in the local schools and was known as a most excellent young man, intelligent, industrious, amiable and well behaved. He had many friends.

A Play in a Thousand.

The figures of the attendance and receipts for the four seasons that "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has been upon the stage prove that nearly three million people have witnessed this great drama of New England rural life in that time. In view of this fact and because of the constantly growing prosperity of this attraction, it can be said with truth that this is a "play in a thousand." For there have been so few similar instances in the history of the American stage that they can be recalled readily by all theatrical men of experience.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" is unique. Its telling qualities are found in its entire freedom from stage conventions. There is no erring girl, no mortgage on the farm, no mourning or wailing and no villain. Yet strength is by no means sacrificed by this abandonment of familiar stage expedients. For there are substituted characters, there are real motives that are natural and a development of interest that holds because it appeals by its strong humanity.

When the famous rural drama is presented at the Lyceum Theatre, Smethport, January 31, it will be found to be presented by an admirable company, every member of which has been selected with special regard for his or her fitness for the role played. The scenic environments of the drama is in perfect accord with its spirit and the entire entertainment is natural and enjoyable.

Bargains in boots and shoes at store of D. C. Young, to reduce stock.

Business Changes.

Business changes have taken place in this vicinity within the past few days which will be of general interest to our readers as all concerned are well-known in Smethport.

Alfred Hagberg of this place has purchased of George M. Morrison the bottling works at Hazelhurst. The deal was consummated several days ago and Mr. Hagberg will take full control as soon as the license is transferred. In the meantime Mr. Hagberg has charge of the works of Mr. Morrison.

George M. Morrison has purchased the Newton House at Bolivar of W. V. Provin and took possession yesterday. We understand that the purchase price was $18,000.

Mr. Hagberg has been a resident of this place for many years and has always been a successful business man. He conducted a restaurant here for some time and later went into the grocery business with George Sherburne, under the firm name of Hagberg & Sherburne, who have an excellent business at the present time. We understand Mr. Hagberg will hold his interest in this business and we predict that he will make a success of his new venture, for he is a pleasant and congenial man of ability who makes friends wherever he goes.

Previous to going into the bottling business at Hazelhurst Mr. Morrison was a traveling salesman and is widely known to the knights of the grip and many others in this section. He is well liked among his acquaintances, and his many friends here, where he spent his childhood days, feel certain that he will be successful in his new venture.

W. V. Provin, who retires from the proprietorship of the Newton House, is also a former resident of this place, having been born on a farm nearby. Previous to going to Bolivar he was the proprietor of the Commercial House in this borough. He has been successful in both ventures as he well deserved. The writer does not know what Mr. Provin intends doing in the future, but the many friends of he and his estimable family would welcome them back to Smethport, but wherever they may go may success be with them.

William Sullivan Killed.

Early Sunday morning the members of the crew of B., R & P. freight train No. 31 reported to the operator at Howard's Junction that the body of a man had been found about a half mile south of the B., R. & P. shops and almost directly opposite the Bleisdell plant. The body had rolled down an embankment about 12 feet. The local railroad ticket office was notified and Coroner Hall was called. The remains were taken to Still's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. Coroner Hall found that the man's skull had been crushed in and that death had been instantaneous. It is believed that the victim was struck by a south-bound freight train.

The authorities had considerable trouble in finding anyone who could positively identify the dead man, but early Sunday evening it was made known that the remains were those of William Sullivan, aged about 38 years and formerly employed in this city as a lineman for the Bell Telephone Co. Of late years Sullivan had worked at odd jobs about the city.

When found there was nothing on his person to identify him. He had but seven cents in money.

It is learned that he had told acquaintances on Saturday that he thought he would go to the woods in the vicinity of Mt. Jewett where he might find employment. It is probable that Sullivan was on his way to Mt. Jewett when he was killed.

Nothing is known of his relatives, but the authorities think he has friends in Oil City or vicinity.—Bradford Era.

At the Lyceum.

Elbert Hubbard, the famous Roycrofter, editor of the Philistine lecture, philosopher and wit, telephoned to The Era last night that Rev. R. S. Kellerman of Bradford cleverly entertained the people of East Aurora, N. Y., with his illustrated lecture on "The Golden Romance of Pennsylvania Oil." "We opened our Roycroft shop for Mr. Kellerman this evening," said Mr. Hubbard, "and about 1,000 people enjoyed the entertainment heartily. The pictures shown of oil region scenes are excellent ones and Mr. Kellerman's description of them and his review of the history of the petroleum business are of unusual interest and very instructive. Mr. Kellerman has one of the most attractive of subjects and his method of dealing with it greatly pleased the audience. This was the first delivery of the lecture on any stage."—The Bradford Era. On next Tuesday evening Mr. Kellerman will deliver the same lecture in the Smethport Lyceum.

For Sale or Rent.

Mrs. Mary Brandt offers her house on King street for sale or rent. For further particulars inquire of

E. L. KEENAN.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to

CHARLES LEMMLER.

FIFTY-THREE ARE KILLED; 60 INJURED.

One of the Worst Wrecks in History of Railroading on B. & O.

AN EXPRESS RAN INTO A LOCAL.

Accident Due to Heavy Fog—Could Not See Signals—An Excursion Train Telescoped Near Washington On Sunday Night.

One of the worst railroad wrecks which has occurred in years happened on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Terra Cotta, a suburb of Washington, D. C., at about 6:40 Sunday evening. Fifty-three persons were fatally injured and sixty more are more or less seriously hurt. A Frederick City, Md., local train just after it started from the station was run into by a train made up of eight empty passenger coaches, bound from the West to Washington.

The scenes about the wreck were terrible. The rear cars with their human cargo were completely telescoped and the dead, dying, injured and uninjured were in all shapes in the wreckage and strewn on both sides of the track. A hospital train was sent immediately from Washington and hundreds, including many doctors and nurses, were busy all night administering aid to the injured, caring for the dead and clearing away the wreckage. The first reports gave the list as 38 dead and 50 injured but late reports place the dead at 53 and the injured at 60.

It has been proved that the danger signal at Takoma Park, a short distance from the scene of the accident, was set when the train of empties passed. The train was going at the rate of 60 miles an hour and Engineer Hildebraud stated that on account of the heavy fog he could not see the signal. His train ran into the Frederick train just as it was pulling out of Terra Cotta, where it had stopped to take on four or five passengers, two of these being among those killed.

Officials of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad are conducting an investigation of the wreck in Baltimore for the purpose of placing the responsibility for the terrible accident. General Superintendent Todd exonerated Milton W. Phillips, the operator at the Takoma block station, the last signal station the equipment train passed before crashing into the passenger train at Terra Cotta.

While making no positive charge Superintendent Todd intimated that the burden of the blame would fall upon the engineer and crew of the extra. The five members of the crew who were arrested shorly after the accident are now being held to await the result of the official investigation. They are: Harry H. Hildebrand, engineer; Ira C. McClelland, fireman; Frank F. Hoffmeier, conductor; Ralph Rutter, brakeman, and William A. Norris, baggagemaster.

Gazing vacantly between the iron bars of his cell at the police station, Engineer Hildebraud is too full of emotion to make any definite statement. "It will come out at the investigation," he said, "I don't believe there is anything for me to say and I couldn't say it if there was."

Before he was arrested the engineer made a statement to the Associated Press in which he declared that if the danger signal light was displayed at Takoma he failed to see it on account of the dense fog.

Another Bad Wreck.

A dispatch from Topeka, Kan., dated Jan. 2, says: Thirty-five persons, all Mexicans but three, were killed; 55 were injured and the bodies of 30 Mexicans were incinerated, early to-day, in a head-on collision of two passenger trains on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad near Volland. The wreck occurred while both trains were running slowly on a curve in a cut where the grade was steep.

All the killed were in the south-bound train except a tramp, who was on the baggage car of the north-bound train. The tramp, a negro porter and a workman accompanying a gang of 32 Mexican laborers, were the only Americans killed so far as is known, although a passenger says that a woman and child were burned in a tourist car.

There were 32 Mexicans and five Americans, composing a gang of railroad workers, in the smoking car of the south-bound train. Of these, 30 Mexicans were burned in the wreckage and two died later.

Most of the injuries were due to the setting of the emergency brakes. Nearly every passenger in the south-bound train was thrown to the car floor by the quick setting of the brakes. The north-bound train was running 10 miles an hour, up grade.

A writer of the present day says that a better school hose for boys and girls cannot be produced for 15c than the Bear Skin. Lindholm's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Early Sunday morning (March 25, 1885) fire broke out in the Benton House at Larabee, owned and occupied by Frank Vickery, which completely destroyed the building, together with the Frisbee store, R. Larabee's hotel, the B., N. Y. & P. depot and the Benton House stable. The fire was first discovered in one of the domestic's rooms and rapidly spread to the adjoining building. Mr. Vickery saved nothing but an organ, a sewing machine and bedstead. The furniture of the Larabee hotel was most all saved, as were the goods in Frisbee's store. The agent and operator saved the railroad company's books and instruments. How the fire originated is a mystery. Vickery had an insurance of $5,200 on his property, which will nearly cover his loss. R. Larabee was insured for only $1,500. Frisbee's store had an insurance of $800.

The large saw mill owned by D. D. Comes, situated near the mouth of Red Mill brook in Hamlin township, was totally destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning, April 1, 1885. How the fire originated is, as usual, a kind of a mystery, but it is supposed that it caught from the fire under the boiler. The loss will amount to about $6,000, upon which there is no insurance. Mr. Comes had just finished paying for this mill and a large tract of timber land and was in shape to reap some benefit from his labor when this misfortune occurred, but, with his customary pluck he will commence to rebuild at once and be in running order again, soon.

English-Merriam.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Kane, Pa., April 1, 1885, by Rev. W. A. Merriam, A. D. English of Wetmore, Pa., and Belle A. Merriam, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

Mrs. Martha Bell, relict of the late William Bell, deceased, died at her resi in Ceres, Pa., on Thursday, the second day of April, 1885, aged ninety-five years and one month. Aunt Martha was the only remaining daughter of Francis King, who located at Ceres in 1798 and was the first settler in McKean county She died as she had lived, a faithful and consistent member of the Society of Friends. Although the last few years of her life have been years of great pain and suffering she finally passed from earth to heaven peacefully and at rest, beloved by a large circle of mourning relatives and friends, besides four daughters and two sons who survive her.

The death of Miss Ella Wainman, which occurred at the residence of her father at Eldred on the 30th day of March, 1885, was particularly sad, and is a loss to Eldred that cannot be filled. Miss Wainman was twenty-three years of age and one of the most beloved and esteemed of the young ladies of that place. The funeral services were held Wednesday, the first day of April. Revs. F. S. Parkhurst, S. D. Morris and J. C. Whitehead officiatin .

Snyder-Scott.—At the Wright House, Smethport, Pa., April 6, 1885, by Rev. F. H. Gates, Emil J. Snyder of Williamsville, N. Y., and Cora V. Scott of Bordell, Pa.

The countenance of our esteemed friend, G. W. King, was wreathed in smiles Tuesday, April 14, 1885, and on inquiring the cause of so much seeming felicity we found out it was a girl of regular weight and surpassing beauty. Yes, we smoke, George, but don't let it occur again.

Shortly after noon on Tuesday, April 14, 1885, the report was circulated on our streets that Ephriam Baker, who resided on Open Brook, about five miles from this place, had committed suicide. Doctors McCoy and Brown were summoned but before they reached his house he was beyond all human aid. The facts as near as we can find out at the present writing are as follows: Baker was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, aged about 40 years. On Monday afternoon he was in town with his team, and as was his usual habit, became somewhat intoxicated before going home. He arrived home safely and took care of his stock. Then he hitched up his team and started out towards town again. This is all that can be learned of his movements until the next afternoon, when a neighbor of his found his team in the field, one of the horses dead and the other with his legs broken. The neighbor notified Baker that his team was up there and Baker seemed to have no recollection of any accident happening to either him or the team. He went up and looked at his team, returned home and went to his room. In a few minutes he was found in a dying condition. It is claimed he took a shotgun and placing the muzzle at his abdomen in some manner discharged it. Some claim this would be impossible, and say there is foul play. An inquest is being held to-day and the following coroner's jury is empannelled: Col. A. I. Wilcox, J. R. Chadwick, S. Gorton, E. L. Keenan, C. S. King and Wm. Haskill. Drs. Brown and McCoy will hold the post mortem examination. What the verdict will be is uncertain, there are so many conflicting reports, but the facts given above seem to be the accepted story.

Letter to Mrs. Richmond.

Dec. 27, 1906.

MY DEAR MRS. RICHMOND:

Your letter was received with pleasure. I wish I was eloquent enough to tell you how much pleasure and encouragement it gives us to know that you women in Smethport are interested enough in this charity to work with us. The box came just the right time. It was a splendid box—just fine. We thank everyone who donated to it. As we opened the packages our eyes and our hearts were rejoiced with joy. Our each kind heart had [illegible] in joy and gladness, as [illegible] was in sorrow or [illegible] the children were most delighted with the dolls, books, games and [illegible] little baskets, and we older ones with the many useful things.

We gave the children a royal good time. They had a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus; the first one many of them had ever seen, and they were wild with delight. We are trying to make this a home and not an "institution," and it is the first real home life many of them have ever known. We need a cook badly; a woman who can do wholesome, plain cooking and take care of the dining room and kitchen. In about a month we will need another woman to wash and iron, and take care of the house generally. We are looking forward to the time when we will also be able to employ an assistant for the matron. If you know of anyone cook or wash woman please let us know. The help question is a hard problem. We are averaging twenty-six children all the time. They are changing, some come and some go. We placed a dear little baby girl last week; we have three little boys, from one to four years, that we want homes for.

Wishing you a Happy New Year and that you will continue your interest in the work, I am

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. S. E. VANTINE.

President, McKean County Children's Home, Bradford, Pa.

We, the members of the W. C. T. U., wish to add our sincere thanks to all who assisted in filling the box sent to the above for Christmas.

M. E RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending December 29, 1906:

J. F. Blystone, Miss Florence Brown, Mrs. Geo. Stanton, Mrs. W. L. Stanton.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,

Postmaster.

Notice of Annual Meeting of Stockholders of the Nunumdah Railroad Company.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Nunumdah Railroad Company, will be held at their office in the office of Gorton & Richmond, attorneys, 119 East Main St., in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1907, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p. m. for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

SHERIDAN GORTON,

President.

Attest:

T. F. RICHMOND,

Secretary.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 26, 1906.

To have beautiful, perfect, pink, velvet-like lips, apply at bedtime a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. Then, next morning, notice carefully the effect. Dry, cracked or colorless lips mean feverishness and ill health appearing. Dr. Shoop's Green Salve is a soft, creamy, healing ointment, that will quickly correct any such blemish or ailment. Get a free sample box at our store and be convinced. Large Glass Jars, 25cts. All dealers.

Reduced Rates to Harrisburg Account Inauguration Governor Elect Stuart.

Via Penna. railroad. Tickets sold Jan. 14 and 15, good returning until Jan. 16, inclusive, from all stations in Penna. Consult nearest ticket agent.

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean the system, good for lazy livers, makes clear complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Pine Salve Carbolized, acts like a poultice; highly antiseptic, extensively used for eczema, for chapped hands and lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

A suit case or a traveling bag makes an excellent gift at any time. My line is complete and the best.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

"Munsing Union Suits" for men, women and children. A necessity for comfort, at Lindholm's.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.

CHARLES LEMMLER.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

WISH ALL PATRONS A

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Thanking all our patrons for the hearty patronage extended in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same in the future we ars Sincerely,

The Lindholm Co.

Are You Going to Remodel?

If so, you will do it with the intention of improving upon present conditions. Our part is to interest you in our ability to improve and perfect your sanitary equipment.

Many families pay out yearly for doctor bills, due to sickness caused by the deadly sewer gases which enter the home on account of poor and defective plumbing, more than the difference between the cost of the cheapest and the best work.

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health and happiness of yourself and family. Of these safeguards, the sanitary equipment of your home is unquestionably the most important and can be securely trusted to us.

We do but one kind of work—the best—and use the famous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be strictly first quality. Let's talk it over.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 3. 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Did you resolve?

—Still sticking to it?

—Poverty ball at Lyceum, Jan. 14.

—Don't the smell of tobacco smoke make you peevish?

—If she hadn't given you those cigars mebby you wouldn't have sworn off.

—In his space this week J. C. Hamlin tells about a new inverted gas light.

—Miss Lois Young is entertaining the young ladies bridge club this afternoon.

—Joe Gans defeated Kid Herman in eight rounds at Tonopah, Nev., on Tuesday.

—All kinds of poverty costumes at N. P. L. ball, Jan. 14. Prizes will be awarded.

—Drive that water wagon carefully, and remember that Main street is full of holes and bumps.

—Miss Rachael Rubin entertained a few friends at the home of her parents on King street New Year's night.

—Monheimer begins the new year by offering you a great price reduction in overcoats. See his ad on this page.

—Last week we got two short stories badly mixed up and are running them again this week, properly corrected.

—Tell her you wouldn't have fallen off if we had paved streets. It's no easy matter to stick to a water cart on such roads.

—Both the window and bottle factory are shut down at present on account of a shortage of lime. The material is expected on every train.

—Miss Mabel Camp gave a six o'clock dinner Saturday evening for Scott F. Redfield and Miss Caroline Larned who are to be married February the 6th.

—The stone work foundation for the new bank is practically finished and as soon as the brick for the outside course arrives, bricklaying will be commenced.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. McQuiston of Mexico City, at the home of Mrs. McQuiston's parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy, in this place, on Monday, Dec. 31, a son.

—A special election will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 15, for the purpose of electing a State Senator to fill the vacancy made by the death of Hon. Myron Matson.

—The N. P. L. will celebrate their second annual with a poverty ball at the Lyceum, Monday evening, Jan. 14. All are invited. A good time and laugh guaranteed.

—"The Hottest Coon in Dixie" is booked for Thursday, Jan. 10 at the Lyceum. We understand it is a musical comedy and the company is composed of colored artists.

—On Monday, January 7th, McKean Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution will meet at the home of Mrs. H. C. Wells. Subject for the day, John Paul Jones.

—Miss Helen Newton entertained a number of her young friends last Friday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Newton, King street, in honor of her guest, Miss Marie Storer of Bradford.

—The new plant of the Boley Manufacturing Co., located at North Olean, was burned Tuesday morning, entailing a loss of $25,000. The concern had recently moved to Olean from Brooklyn and employed 300 hands.

—Mr. William Juhnke Fischer of Easton, Pa., and Miss Blanche Ella Ennis of Clermont, Pa., were united in marriage by the Rev. Dr. C. G. Haas, at his parsonage at 502 Ellicott street, Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 26, 1906.

—See the realistic pictures of the Noble-Delameter oil well which flowed 42,000,000 gallons in 25 months, and hear all about it, with other matters of thrilling interest at the Lyceum on Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th. Admission 10cts.

—Three prisoners were landed in the county jail last Saturday. They were all from Bradford. One was a young man charged with stealing junk, and the other two are accused of robbing a young lady of the tenderloin district.

—Charles A. Anderson and daughter, Miss Edna, of Colegrove experienced an exciting though rather fortunate runaway one day last week. They were going toward Crosby and stopped at a watering trough between that place and Colegrove. Mr. Anderson had just alighted from the two wheel carriage when the horse took fright and started down the road at a mad pace. The animal had gone some distance before Miss Edna was able to extricate herself from the rig and jump to the side of the road. Besides a few slight bruises and a bad scare the young lady was none the worse for the adventure. The only damage to the horse and rig was a broken harness.

—Daniel Webster Boone, who was intercepted while making love to a young girl at Madison, Boone county, West Virginia, by a five-year-old boy, shot and killed the lad without further ceremony. Love in Boone county must be most strenuous.

—We are indebted to Charles A. Anderson, the popular Colegrove merchant for an excellent 1907 diary and memorandum book. "Charley," as he is familiarly called by his many friends, is one of the most progressive merchants in this county.

—Mrs. Frank Warenberger entertained a number of friends at her home on Mechanic street Monday evening. The time was agreeably and pleasantly passed until the dawn of the new year and during the evening a splendid luncheon was served.

—A fire in the Sheehy block, Mechanic street, Bradford, early Tuesday morning did considerable damage before it was extinguished. J. W. Johnson sustained a loss of $3,500 and the building which belongs to Mrs. Laura Sheehy was damaged about $1,000.

—The Traveller's Club will resume its meetings next Saturday at 3 p. m. The following program will be given: Roll call; current events; Plans for the Club's Improvement, Mrs. Specht; State Civil Service Reform, Mrs. Ralph Gleason; Civics, Mrs. J. W. Bonton; Reading, Miss Tretton.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin held a reception at their elegant home on West Main street from four to six o'clock New Year's afternoon. Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin received with them in the west parlor and delicious light refreshments were served. The function was largely attended by their many friends.

—A number of young people were pleasantly entertained by Miss Ina Milroy New Year's night at the home of her parents on Mechanic street, in honor of her cousin, Miss Clara Milroy of Randolph, N. Y. Amusing games were indulged in and the evening proved most enjoyable to those in attendance.

—Health Commissioner Darlington has made public the birth, marriage and death statistics of Greater New York for 1906. There were reported 111,772 births, an increase over 1905 of 8,000; 48,353 marriages, an increase of 5,700; 76,206 deaths, an increase of 2,492. The birth record is the greatest that was ever reported.

—A very pleasant dancing party was ever given by Miss Greer, Miss Daly and Miss Stella Rubin at the hose house last evening, which was attended by a large number of their friends. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and light refreshments were served. All who participated enjoyed themselves until the early hours of morn.

—The annual meeting of the Swedish-American Republican League was held here last Thursday afternoon and was well represented. The following officers were elected: P. Hunson of Kane, president; Oscar Engstrom, Smethport, vice president; A. J. Nordstrom, Port Allegany, treasurer; Carl Engstrom, Kane, secretary. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one and plans were made for diligent work during the coming year.

—A Ridgway dispatch dated Jan. 1, says: A team attached to a cab in which were two passengers, ran into a dangling telephone wire here early yesterday and were instantly killed by the current with which the wire had become charged, through contact with an electric light wire. The driver and owner of the team, Mike Myers, formerly of Bradford, was thrown violently to the ground, but with the two passengers, had a miraculous escape from a terrible death.

—John G. Price, who has been under arrest in Philadelphia for the past three weeks, has confessed to the murder of Mrs. Maurice Lewis, who was found dead in a closet in her apartments on Sept. 10. Price says he and his pal were robbing the house when she discovered him and that he stabbed her with a lance he had stolen from a doctor's office. This case has baffled the police for a long time. Lewis says he confessed because he imagined he could continually hear the cries of his victim's three-year-old child, who witnessed the murder.

Cows for Sale.

Two extra good cows for sale at a reasonable price, considering stock and breeding. A bargain for anyone wanting gentle cattle that anyone can handle. For particulars inquire of

FRANK W. BACKUS,
605 E. Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made alone for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see! All dealers.

Phosphate for Sale.

I have just received two carloads of phosphate for oats, grass, corn, potatoes and buckwheat. E. W. JONES,
Smethport, Pa.

Fit your children with "Maloney" shoes and insure them foot comfort.
At Lindholm's.

Lost—A pair of "Queen Quality Shoes." Liberal reward if returned to Lindholm's.

Many goods at cost at store of D. C. Young to reduce stock for spring goods. Call and look over bargains.

Personal Mention.

Miss Clyte Abbey is visiting friends in Ridgway.

Miss Belva Garritt is the guest of friends in Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman were in Bradford last Saturday.

Peter McNally of Pittsburg is visiting his sister, Mrs. T. H. Partle.

Miss Helen Hamilton returned yesterday from a visit to Bradford.

B. G. McFall of the Eldred Eagle was a caller at this office last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus are sojourning at Cambridge Springs.

Mrs. R. L. Brotherton of Waterford, Pa., is a guest of Mrs. C. H. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. A. E. Foster and son, Dunsmore, are visiting relatives in Reynoldsville.

Miss Clara Milroy returned to her home in Randolph, N. Y., Wednesday.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt Jewett was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Mrs. Christian Herzog was called to Jamestown to-day by the illness of her sister.

Miss Mabel Camp attended a dinner party at Port Allegany last Saturday evening.

Miss Ella Hinman returned to Hazelhurst Tuesday after spending a few days in town.

Byron Ely and James Allison of Ridgway visited friends in town the latter part of last week.

Edna and Rena Anderson and Fern and Donna Herzog of Colegrove visited in town this week.

Harry Susse left Tuesday evening for Cleveland to resume his studies at Case School of Applied Sciences.

Hon. Jas. A. McKean was in Harrisburg attending the meeting of the legislature the early part of the week.

MacArthur Gorton, who has been spending his vacation with his parents, returned to Bucknell on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. W. Brennan and Mrs. Edna Warren and children are passing a few days with relatives in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Caroline Larned returned to her home in Syracuse Monday after passing a few days with friends in this place.

Paul D. Hamlin, who has been the guest of relatives for several days, returned to his home in Chicago yesterday.

A. W. Mitchell has returned to his home in Parkersburg, W. Va., after spending the holidays with his parents in this place.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman returned to Edinboro, Pa., Tuesday, after spending the holidays at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund T. Newman left on Tuesday for their home in Syracuse after a ten days' visit with friends and relatives in town.

Miss Edna Keenan, who has been passing the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan, returned to her duties in New York City, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Church, son, Charles, and daughter, Miss Edna, who have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Brown, have returned to their home in Kittanning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Comes and children, Christel and Ernest Comes, and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry, all of Smethport, were in the city yesterday afternoon to attend the theatre.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

Two days treatment free. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets for impaired digestion, impure breath, perfect assimulation of food, increased appetite. Do not fail to avail yourself of the above offer. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

For Sale.

Good building lot opposite depot at Larabee. For further information inquire of H. W. RUBIN,
Smethport, Pa.

"Queen Quality" is as the name denotes the highest quality. Insist on being fitted with Queen Quality shoes.
At Lindholm's.

My line of blankets and robes is complete. Come and see them.
CHARLES LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

and

we wish to announce

a

25 per cent.

Reduction

on all

Men's, Youth's and Children's

Overcoats.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS
$1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS
10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

AFTER CHRISTMAS BARGAINS.

We offer two money savers that are well worth prompt action on your part.

25 Ladies & Gents Umbrellas at $1.95.

These are regular $2.25, $2.50 and $2.75 Umbrellas, first class in every respect, best paragon frames, guaranteed and absolutely rain proof, assorted handles.

15 Fur Scarfs 1.25 to 6.25.

The prices are just cut in two. Correct styles made from following skins: Mink, squirrel, coney, nutria, opossum and bear. Half price should make quick work of it.

FRY & COMES.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

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If you are building or repairing come and see our stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Lime, Brick. Cement. Etc., Etc.

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Over Hamilton's Shoe Store, Union Telephone Bldg.

Diamonds Watches Art Jewelry

AMERICAN FOREIGN AND QUAINT.

Parisian Style Today JET JEWELRY.

GRADUATE OPTICIAN EYES EXAMINED FREE

Extra inducements during Holidays—Railroad Fare Paid out-of-town purchases exceeding $10 value.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE

During the month of January we will sell all winter goods at a great reduction to close out.

You can save money by coming here.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. ~~We~~ have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Flashed From a Fan

By COLIN S. COLLINS

Copyright, 1896, by H. C. Sutcliffe

That the junior partner did not like Miss Coddington was a self evident fact. The senior partner and the manager approved her work, and once the manager had even praised it, but letters never went into Frank Spaulding's room that they were not returned for correction—usually just before closing time.

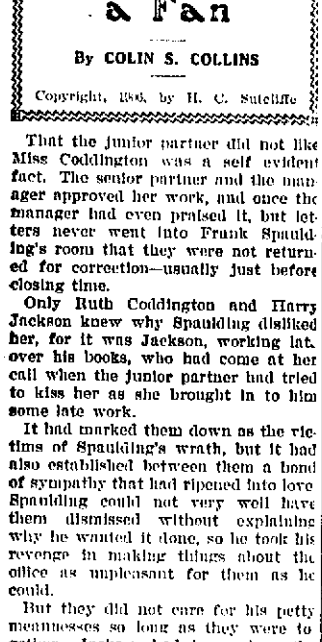
Only Ruth Coddington and Harry Jackson knew why Spaulding disliked her, for it was Jackson, working late over his books, who had come at her call when the junior partner had tried to kiss her as she brought in to him some late work.

It had marked them down as the victims of Spaulding's wrath, but it had also established between them a bond of sympathy that had ripened into love Spaulding could not very well have them dismissed without explaining why he wanted it done, so he took his revenge in making things about the office as unpleasant for them as he could.

But they did not care for his petty meannesses so long as they were together. Jackson had been given the promise of a raise in the fall, and together they would have enough to make a comfortable home. There would be a quiet marriage, and they would wait for their honeymoon for the following year.

Then suddenly the firm began to lose money. Until Spaulding had been taken in as a partner Gordon Nixon had conducted a conservative brokerage business. With the coming of the younger man they had taken to speculating on their own account. Now in some mysterious fashion the market invariably went against them.

Nixon worried much over the situation. The fever of gambling is in the



THERE CAME A REGULAR FLASH.

blood of those who handle stocks, and as loss followed loss he sought the sadly needed recoup by making heavier investments until his entire fortune was pretty well tied up.

For a time they had operated brilliantly and had taken a position of power in the market that had brought many new customers who follow "lucky" firms with blind superstition. Now they were losing their customers as well as their money, and Hennings, Crense & Hennings were winning their business away.

Hennings and Nixon had been bitter enemies for years, and Nixon would rather have lost outright double what he had dropped than that he should have lost it to the man who had stolen from him the girl he loved. He could not believe that any one in the office should be guilty of treachery, and yet Hennings appeared to have information of his moves almost before they had been made.

"I think I can show you," suggested Spaulding as he listened to the elder's plaint. "Come with me."

Spaulding led the way to the other side of the quadrangle about which the offices were grouped. He ascended one flight and stepped into a vacant office directly over those occupied by Hennings' firm.

"I was in here the other day looking for new offices," he said. "I thought it might be a good plan for me to have a private office here where I might keep an eye on Hennings. This is what I noticed."

He led the way to the window and pointed across to their own offices. From one of the open windows there came a regular flash. For a few moments they stared in silence; then Spaulding drew his partner away.

"I suppose you know what heliographing is?" he suggested.

"It's a military telegraph with flashes from a mirror, isn't it?" asked Nixon.

Spaulding nodded.

"I suppose you don't remember that little mirror Miss Coddington carries in her purse?" he asked meaningly. "I noticed it the other day when I was over. It's a pity you cannot read the Morse code."

Slowly Nixon turned out of the office. "I liked that girl," he said sadly. "She seemed to be an earnest and conscientious little thing."

"I told you some time ago," suggested Spaulding, "that I thought she should be turned off, though I had no idea that she was as bad as this."

"I don't like to think it even now," said Nixon. "Even in spite of what I have seen I cannot believe it of her."

Yet he summoned Ruth to his office and in gentle tones told her that she would have to go. He was not disposed to explain for a moment, but she was tearfully persistent, and finally the whole story came out.

Jackson looked anxiously toward her as she came out of the office and as soon as the door closed came toward her. Brokenly she told him of the charge that had been made and of her inability to refute it.

"I have used my mirror a lot," she confessed. "Any girl in an office would want to look neat. But you know, Harry, that I would not do such a thing."

"I know," he admitted. "But there must be something to it or Mr. Nixon would not have been convinced. There is a mystery here somewhere."

"Now it's all spoiled," she sobbed "our marriage and my career—everything."

"Not if I know it," he said savagely "Don't you worry. "I'll find something out."

A little later he slipped from the office. He had been gone several minutes when the telephone bell rang. Nixon had come out into the office to see the bookkeeper, and he picked up the receiver.

"It's Jackson talking," he said after a moment. "He wants you to turn off that fan, Miss Coddington."

Ruth reached up and turned off the electric fan that was whirring over her head and went on with her writing. A moment later Jackson dashed into the office.

"If you will come with me," he said to his employer, "I'll show you the real explanation of those flashes. Please come."

He stopped a moment at Ruth's desk then led Nixon out into the hall. Like Spaulding, he went to the empty office on the other side of the building. The heliograph flashes were still sending their mute signals, but in a moment they stopped. Presently they began again, and again ceased. This was repeated several times when Harry turned to his companion.

"You know that fan over Miss Coddington's desk? It's one of the sort that swings back and forth to keep the air moving. That flash is caused by the back of the fan. There's a brass screw that catches the sun and makes the flash when it comes into the sunlight. The moment Miss Coddington turns off the fan the signals stop. That's the whole explanation of the mystery."

"But the leakage of the information?" persisted the troubled Nixon. "That does not account for that."

"I can show you what does," was the jubilant answer. "I worked in an electrical place once, and I got the idea there. Your telephone wires, like the rest, run around the building, because this place was built before the idea of interior conduits for wires was developed. They all run around the building until they come to the lower corner, and then they join the cable that runs down to the street conduit. All the Hennings people had to do was to tap your private wire to the exchange and get the whole thing. They got some outside man to do the tapping. Every message you send to the street comes in here."

Nixon leaned out and verified the fact. Then he turned to Harry.

"I think," he said, "that by sending false messages over the wire for a few days we can recoup our losses. Then we will have Hennings arrested. It's a criminal offense, I believe."

He turned and led the way back to his own office. Ruth looked up anxiously as they entered.

"My dear Miss Coddington," he said, with old fashioned courtesy, "I have to beg your pardon for ever suspecting you." He clasped her hand warmly and turned to the bookkeeper.

"Miss Coddington and Mr. Jackson are going to take next week and the week after for their honeymoon trip," he said. "Please make them out a check for a thousand as a wedding present from the firm. No, don't thank me," he went on as Ruth sprang forward. "Send me a piece of the wedding cake; that's all."

The Missel Thrush.

The robin, that "pious" bird, is very quarrelsome, and it exasperates one to watch him wasting the precious hours of food in hunting another hungry robin up and down and around and around till the sparrows have cleared the board. The blackbirds, too, are very annoying in the way that they snatch up a lump of bread and fly off with it, only to be chased about for the rest of the morning by other blackbirds, while a sparrow makes a square meal off the morsel fallen meanwhile under a shrub. But relentless as they are in pursuit, the curious fact is that they seldom fight. If the pursued turns the pursuer stops, perks up his tail and, being promptly charged by the other, becomes in his turn the pursued. But woe to both when the missel thrush comes. He is pitiless in pursuit, and I have seen them pass my window time after time in the course of a morning, the storm cock hard on the "heels" of the blackbird, and when they overtake them what happens? For myself I believe the missel thrush is a cannibal. At any rate, I attribute some of the dead blackbirds and thrushes that one finds about the grounds to his cruel beak. He watches for birds for hours at a time, like a bird of prey, and attacks them like one. I have often stopped a chase which I knew could only end one way. —Contemporary Review.

The relief of coughs and colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing honey and tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poison, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Ohlgrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

VESSELS OF ILL LUCK

STRANGE FATE OF THE THREE SHIPS NAMED WASP.

Two of Them Involved in One of the Most Curious Coincidences of the Sea—The Disastrous Career of the Old Frigate Chesapeake.

"Do you believe in lucky ships?" asked the paymaster as the officers of the wardroom prepared for their after dinner talk.

"Well, I do not know but I do," answered the first lieutenant. "There are some ships in the navy now—one especially, as you all know—that do seem to be hoodooed. But, as it would be treason to mention them by name, we won't. But there's no harm in speaking about old time unlucky ships.

"There was the Chesapeake. She was such an unlucky frigate that it was hard work to get a crew for her, and she was a good ship too.

"She began her career with that disgraceful affair with the British frigate Leopard. Although England and the United States were at peace, the Leopard held her up off the coast, poured broadside after broadside into her and finally took from her some American sailors, claiming that they were British subjects. And the Chesapeake was in such condition and her preparation for battle was so bad that she offered scarcely any resistance.

"After that everything went wrong with her, and Lawrence, when he was ordered to go to Boston and take command of her just before her fight with the Shannon, was so impressed with the fact that the ship was hoodooed that he tried his best to get his orders changed. When he sailed out to fight the Shannon, so short was he of men that he had to impress men on the dock just before sailing, and the disastrous outcome of that battle off Boston is a matter of history.

"Although the Chesapeake was in such good condition when the British captured her that they easily took her into port, and, although when they fixed her up she was one of the finest frigates afloat, she was all the time getting into trouble until the British admiralty declined to send her to sea any more and sold her to a Hampshire miller, who broke her up and made a windmill of her. Whether he prospered after that or not I do not know, but I should not be at all surprised if investigation should show that he failed the next year.

"Then there was the Wasp.

"The first Wasp was an eight gun schooner, purchased at the outbreak of the Revolution—a merchant schooner made over into a man-of-war. She was not practically suited for the work and after a short career of no especial brilliancy was dropped from the navy list. Somehow things had never seemed to go right with her while she was playing man-of-war. But the name was too good a one—too suggestive a one—to be lost, and when the war of 1812 broke out we find that the United States had another Wasp, this time an eighteen gun sloop of war. And I will explain to my civilian friend over there that a sloop of war, paradoxical as it may seem, is by no means a sloop. A sloop of war is, in general terms, under the old classification of the navy, a man-of-war carrying all her guns on one deck and not only could be, but frequently was, a full rigged ship. The old sloops of war of the beginning of the last century used to carry everywhere from eighteen to thirty guns and were to the old navy what the second class cruiser is to the navy of today.

"Well, the sloop of war Wasp when the second war with England broke out was in European waters. She at once returned to the United States, refitted and started on a cruise after the enemy's merchant fleets coming up from the West Indies. Soon after leaving port she ran into a hurricane and lost her jib boom and two men on it. But her bad luck let up a bit, and she captured the British corvet Frolic after a brilliant action.

"But the luck of the Wasp was only lifting her up a little to cast her down harder. Scarcely had she taken possession of her prize when down came the British line of battle ship Poictiers and took victor and vanquished into her possession. A prize crew of Britishers took the Wasp to England, where they refitted her and took her into the British navy.

"In the spring of 1814 the Wasp, flying the red cross ensign of St. George, sailed out from the harbor of Portsmouth, England. She was sighted passing out of the chops of the channel, and from that day to this there have come no tidings of her fate. She sailed away staunch, taut and trim, well found and seaworthy as American and British skill could make her. No hostile ship sank her with its guns, no great storm passed over that part of the ocean at that time, yet she never returned to port. No piece of wreckage belonging to her was ever seen, and no tidings of her mysterious fate ever came back.

"Meantime the United States had built a new Wasp, and about the same time that the old Wasp sailed out of Portsmouth, England, under British colors to meet her mysterious doom the new Wasp, under American colors, sailed from Portsmouth, N. H. Approaching the British channel, the new Wasp had an action with the British sloop of war Reindeer and captured her after a short fight. Burning the prize, Captain Blakely, who commanded the Wasp, put into L'Orient, France. Sailing from that port in August, the Wasp fought a battle with the British corvet Avon, in which she silenced her guns, but was unable to take possession owing to the appearance of a superior British force.

"Then she went on down the seas, capturing merchantmen, some of which she burned and some of which she sent back with prize crews to the United States.

"On Oct. 9, 1814, the Wasp was spoken by the Swedish bark Adonis, being then in latitude 18.5 north, Longitude 29.10 west, or well to the westward of the Cape de Verde islands. After speaking the bark and talking on board two American officers who were passengers on the Adonis the Wasp made sail in the direction of the equator and from that hour to this no mortal eye has ever seen her; no bit of wreckage has ever been picked up which might give a clew to her fate. In fact she vanished as completely and as mysteriously from the face of the waters as did the other Wasp.

"That these two vessels should at the same time have met a similar fate—and such a fate—is one of those coincidences to be impressed with which a man does not have to be very superstitious. There is a fascination in letting a gruesome fancy range and picture these two Wasps meeting somewhere on a lonely sea—those two alone—and fighting each other until no vestige of either remained to tell the tale, or perhaps some other strange fate overtook them, and, caught in the endless eddies of the Sargasso sea those two Wasps are even now floating side by side, from the gaff of one drooping the moldering shreds of the red cross of England and from the other a few shreds of what were once the stars and stripes."

"Very pretty idea," said the paymaster, "and much more romantic than to simply suppose that they were both capsized and went down with all hands."

"But if they had so capsized," retorted the first lieutenant, "would it not have been likely that some bit of wreckage, some boat or piece of a boat, something about the decks, should have been left floating about for other ships to pick up and thus give a clew to their fate? If it had been only one ship the wonder would not have been so great, but here were two good sized men-of-war, both last seen in the track of merchant vessels in well frequented seas and both dropping off the face of the waters almost simultaneously and not a vestige of either ever seen picked up—and both named the Wasp, and both sailing out of a Portsmouth as their last home port to the port of the missing Wasps."

"Well," said the captain of the marines, "the case of the two Wasps was the most extraordinary one of the sort, I think, recorded in naval annals, but there have been many other ships, some of them men-of-war, too, which have sailed from port and never been seen by mortal eyes after they passed out beyond the harbor's mouth.

"There was the thirty-six gun frigate Insurgent, captured in our little war with France and taken into our navy.

"In July, 1800, manned by a crew of 400 men under Captain Patrick Fletcher, the Insurgent sailed from Philadelphia under orders to cruise off the coast in the track of merchantmen going from the West Indies to France. From the time that that splendid frigate passed out by the capes of the Chesapeake to this day no word of her has ever come back, though she went to cruise in a sea swarming with shipping."

"And I would add to the list of those American men-of-war which have shared the fate of the two Wasps and the Insurgent," remarked a lieutenant, "the eighteen gun corvet Saratoga and the fourteen gun brig Pickering.

"The Saratoga sailed from Philadelphia early in October of 1780 and off the coast took several prizes, which the appearance of a British ship of the line forced her to abandon. She was then off the capes of Delaware, but she made no port. From the time she was seen hurrying away from the British ship of the line till now she has never been sighted. There was a gale the following day, but the Saratoga had often weathered gales of more power, and no piece of wreckage from her was ever washed ashore on the coast near which she was last seen.

"The Pickering left port a month after the Insurgent, under orders to cruise in the vicinity of Guadeloupe. She sailed to the same port as the two Wasps, the Insurgent and the Saratoga, for she was never sighted after she passed out beyond the capes of the Chesapeake."

"These surely are mysteries of the great deep," said the doctor, "and we who do our work upon its waters cannot but stand in more or less awe of them. If the undevout astronomer is mad, as the poet Young avers, then surely the sailor free from all superstition is not a normal being and, I believe, also a mighty poor sailor. Let us imagine that all those American men-of-war which have sailed forth and never returned are still somewhere afloat in the Sargasso sea, if you will, as the first lieutenant has suggested as a final port for the two Wasps. And would it not be a pretty superstition to start—perhaps, for all I know, it has already been started by our friends before the mast—would it not be a pretty fancy, I say, to think that, just as the old legend of England was that some day Arthur and his knights should come again to rescue England in her direst need, some day, in the hour of America's greatest need, all these lost ships will come sailing in again to fight her battles as they fought them of yore?"

"Humph!" said a young lieutenant, "One modern man-of-war would go through the whole fleet like a freight train through a country village. What good would they be now?"

"There you go," replied the doctor, "just as I said—no imagination, no superstition. The young man is not normal. But, as we are getting down to personalities, suppose we adjourn the symposium."—New Orleans Picayune.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

WHEN MACAULAY SPOKE.

Then Flowed a Torrent of Oratory and Euphony.

What can be the matter? Doors open members rush out; members are tearing past you from all points in one direction—toward the house. Then wigs and gowns appear. They tell you with happy faces their committees have adjourned, and then come a third class the gentlemen of the press, hilarious Why, what's the matter? Matter Macaulay is up. You join the runners in a moment. It was an announcement one hadn't heard for years, and the passing of the word "Macaulay's up" emptied committee rooms now as before it emptied clubs; the old voice the old manners and the old style—glorious speaking; well prepared, carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish but spoken with perfect art and consummate management, the grand conversation of a man of the world confiding his learning and his recollections and his logic to a party of gentlemen and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room.

As the house filled he got prouder and more oratorical, and then he poured out his speech with rapidity, increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words carrying his hearers with him into enthusiasm and you not leaving them time to cheer. The great orator was trembling when he sat down. The excitement of a triumph overcame him and he had scarcely the self possession to acknowledge the cheer parties well were offered by the ministers and others in his neighborhood.—From Whitty's "Parliamentary Retrospect."

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

The Flogging Custom and the Way It Is Regarded.

About corporal punishment in England two curious facts lie beyond dispute. One is that while the working class and the lower middle class dislike and resent it and will not in general allow their children to undergo it, the aristocracy tolerate it without complaint. The time is coming, one might assert paradoxically, when it will be impossible to flog anybody but the son of a peer. And the other fact is that public school boys have often felt a special affection for the masters who have punished them most.

In Westminster abbey stand side by side the tombs of a master and his pupil. The master was Dr. Busby, who was head master of Westminster school for so long a time as fifty-eight years. Nobody ever flogged so many boys as he. The pupil was the theologian, Dr. South. It is told—I am sure the story is true—that when South came as a small boy to Westminster Busby greeted him with the ominous words: "I see great talents in that sulky little boy, and my rod shall bring them out." If so, he was no doubt as good as his word. But when South lay upon his deathbed it was his last prayer to be buried at his old master's feet, and the master and the pupil now rest side by side.—Nineteenth Century.

West Indian Negroes.

The West Indian negro is a born poacher. He catches the quail by the cruel expedient of strewing finely powdered cayenne or bird pepper in the little dust pits where the birds "wash." The burning powder gets into the eyes of the birds, which, confused and helpless, are then easily caught. When he wants a wholesale supply of fish, he explodes a piece of dynamite, which was probably intended for the making of new government roads, over a hole in a mountain stream, and the fish are killed by the concussion. But his favorite resource is the bark of the dogwood tree. This he drops into a river hole, and the mullet, intoxicated, comes to the surface of the water. This singular property of the dogwood has caused it to be employed as a narcotic.—Pearson's.

Noted the Symptom.

A little girl went for the first time to church with her mother. All went well during the service, but the child grew uneasy during the sermon, which was a long one. The mother tried in every way to keep the little girl quiet, but in vain. Finally the child observed that the preacher had a pompous way of inflating his chest and lungs at a new paragraph or head. Just as the mother was assuring the child that the preacher would soon stop, he did—for another start—and the tired child burst out on her mother's assurance, "No, he won't; he's swelling up again."—Woman's National Daily.

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others, coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Nature's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this same Cascara bark is given its greatest possible power to correct constipation. A toothsome Candy Tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Dr. Shoop Laboratories, from this ingenious and most effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and satisfying.

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DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Ochiltree, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. R. Deming.
Justices—B. C. Knapp, R. C. Graham.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. B. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungerville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree 2nd meeting; 2nd degree 3rd meeting; 3rd degree 4th meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. S. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:45 p. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m., one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

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Two Thousand Dollars Reward

By C. B. LEWIS

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Had you asked any inhabitant of the village of Glendale over ten years of age about the widow Clifton and her daughter Bessie you would have received the following summary:

"Been a widow several years; husband didn't leave her much; house and lot are mortgaged for $1,500, and how they are ever going to pay it off I can't see. They used to be stuck up, but have had to come down; widow sews and Bessie gives painting and music lessons. Some folks say that the girl expects to marry a rich man, but she'll die of old age first. She may be good looking, but what does a rich man want with a poor girl?"

It was true that Bessie gave lessons, as stated, and that dresses were made in the house. There were no relatives to come to their financial assistance when the husband and father died, and the mother and daughter had to work or starve. But for the mortgage they could have pulled along fairly well. It was their horror. They knew they never could pay it. It was so near the value of the village house and lot that if any one bought the place there would be very little left over and above.

Bessie had an artistic nature and had taken some lessons in drawing and painting, but she knew that her work would not stand criticism beyond a certain point. She had been going into the city twice a week to get beyond this point, but amid all her harassments this was discouraging work. It meant, with other things, a pinching of the family purse until mother and daughter were sometimes hungry and found nothing in the cupboard to satisfy the feeling.

On this particular day and date as Miss Bessie was returning home on the trolley after a rather discouraging day she read in the evening paper an account of a robbery at a first class hotel. The robber had got away with considerable money and a large amount of jewelry, and the victims had complained and offered a reward of $2,000 for his arrest. What purported to be a good description of the man was given.

"If I only could meet a man like that," sighed Bessie as she put the paper down. "Fifteen per cent dollars of the money would pay off the mortgage, and the other five hundred would surely put me on the road to success. I am sure I'd know him from this description, and if I got eyes on him he should not escape. I'd"—

And then she began to wonder whether he would surrender at discretion or make a fight for it. She was almost oblivious to her surroundings when a voice at her elbow said:

"Excuse me, miss." And a man sat down beside her. He was privileged to, as the car was crowded, but she felt a little nettled that he had broken in on her thoughts. It was two or three minutes before she glanced at him, and then for an instant her heart almost stood still.

"A middle aged man, smooth face, benevolent look, blue eyes, prominent nose, scar of an old burn on the left cheek, large hands, two front teeth filled with gold."

That was the description of the robber in the paper still lying on her lap. Her eyes had been caught by the scar on his face. She saw the prominent nose, the smooth face, the scant hair, the large hands. She gasped for breath and was all a-tremble.

The man had a small satchel on his knees, and there was no doubt that he was leaving the city with his plunder. He presently turned to glance out of the window, and she saw the benevolent look. Miss Bessie Clifton had her man! Fate had walked him right into the car in which she sat.

It was a suburban trolley line, and she had fifteen miles to ride. She had planned in imagination what she would do if she ran across the man, but now that she was face to face with the problem things were different. He looked like a strong man, and notwithstanding his benevolent look he might not submit to capture without bloodshed.

There were about a dozen people on the car, men and women. Some were getting off at intervals and others getting on. Miss Bessie sized up all the males, from motorman to the little country tailor with a bundle, and she couldn't say that any of them looked heroic. On the contrary, if menaced with a revolver and warned to keep hands off they would probably sit still and let the man escape. She looked at the conductor a second time to see if she had missed anything heroic in his looks, and he grinned in reply and started to start a flirtation. She realized that there was only one way to do, and after a long breath and a bracing of her feet she started in to do it. She sought to make her voice very determined as she said:

"Sir, I know who you are, and it will be useless for you to try to escape. You had better submit quietly."

"Yes?" replied the stranger as he turned to her with a look of surprise on his face. "You know me then?"

"Your description is right here in this paper, and you answer to it exactly."

He took the paper from her hand and read the article, or, rather, skimmed it over like one who had read before. Then he handed it back with a smile and queried:

"So I am caught, eh, and that by a girl?"

"You are the robber mentioned, and when we get to Glendale I shall call an officer to arrest you. If you try to leave the car before that I shall denounce you and call for help."

"I see. It appears that you are a very determined young lady. May I ask how long you have followed the detective business and whether you are a private officer or attached to some regular force?"

"I—I just saw your description in the paper, and then I saw you," she faltered, wondering when his desperate resistance would begin.

"And you wanted the reward, of course. If this is your first detective work, let me compliment you on your perspicacity. The plunder is, of course, in this satchel."

"It is, sir. Don't talk to me in this honeyed way, as I am on my guard. The paper says you are slick, but you are fairly caught this time."

The benevolent robber chuckled in his throat. He did more. He laughed outright and seemed real pleased. It was three or four minutes before he said:

"As you are the only one who has the least suspicion of me, and as I do not care about a term in state prison, suppose we make a compromise. Let me hand you $2,000 and slip quietly off the car."

"You needn't try anything of that sort with me," answered the girl. "I want the money badly enough, but I don't propose to become your accessory."

"I was in hope you might see the thing in a different light. Are we quite certain to find an officer at Glendale?"

"Quite, sir."

"Then I suppose I shall have to submit quietly, but it does seem hard for a man who has gone through what I have to be arrested by a girl just as I was clear of all entanglements. I shall not seek to get away. It seems to be my fate."

He seemed to speak in honest tones, but Bessie did not relax her vigilance, and as soon as the car stopped at the terminus she clutched the robber's sleeve while she looked for a policeman.

There was one present. He came forward, and, to her astonishment, he smiled at the robber and said:

"I see he was on the car. I have got a man to follow him all right."

"This—this man is the robber!" exclaimed Bessie as she tightened her hold.

The policeman laughed, the other smiled, and it was a minute before the officer said:

"That's a pretty good one, Miss Clifton, let me introduce you to Detective Banker."

"But, if you aren't the robber, who is?" she asked of the man whom she had terrified for ten miles of the trip.

"He was on the same car with us, my dear girl. The description given out to the newspapers was a blind. He came out here and hid the plunder and is now here to get hold of it again and clear out. I didn't want to arrest him until he had the goods on him. You simply made a little mistake, but I shall not hold it against you."

Poor Bessie went home with tears in her eyes. She had felt that the money was as good as in her hand, and to lose it and be humiliated besides hurt her feelings dreadfully. It was a fortnight before anything else happened. Then the man holding the mortgage on the home announced that it had been satisfied, and a messenger boy left a letter at the house containing a $500 bill. In substance the letter said:

"I am not exactly a detective, but one of the victims of the robbery. I, like you, was doing a little detective work on my own account. I made more out of it than you did, as I got the man and the plunder. I am willing to divide the honors with you. As it was the first time I ever arrested a robber or was ever arrested for one, please excuse the liberty I take and believe me sincerely yours."

And the name signed at the bottom was that of a philanthropist who had done hundreds of good deeds before that one.

The Chivalrous Red Man.

Near the end of a brilliant match between our oldest university and the Carlisle Indians one of the Indian backs suddenly got away with the ball and was off down the field with nothing between him and the goal posts but one man. If the runner succeeded in getting by him it meant everlasting athletic glory for himself and perhaps a victory for his small college over this mighty institution of learning, containing the flower of the civilization which had swept his forefathers away from the lands they once possessed. The crowd in the stands had arisen, gasping in their excitement, as crowds always do at such moments. But just as he had almost gained the coveted line that one man, a famous sprinter, brought the runner down with a beautiful tackle. The stands rocked with relief, and the usual "piling up" of other players took place. As the two lay there together, the fair haired representative of New England, while still clasping the dark skinned descendent of American savagery, felt something fumbling and presently became aware, at the bottom of the heap there, that his right hand was being shaken. "Good tackle," muttered the Indian.—Jesse Lynch Williams in Outing Magazine.

Useless Salutes.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?"

"There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl, "but I suppose women will go on kissing one another just the same."

GIFTS TO A WIFE.

The Sentiment That Is Dear to the Heart of a Woman.

In a recent divorce case the husband when asked if he ever made his wife any Christmas or birthday presents replied:

"No; I am sorry to say I never did. I gave Mrs. — power to draw on my bank account and to buy anything she wanted. I was mistaken. That was not all I should have done. That did not take the place of my buying things and taking them home to her."

It is astonishing how little even the majority of husbands know about the feminine nature. I recently heard a young wife say that she would rather have her husband bring her a bunch of violets than give her ten times the money they cost. But she said she could never make him appreciate the fact that money was not all that she needed.

I know men who never think of taking home a bunch of flowers to their wives. They either think it unnecessary extravagance or that if their wives want flowers they can get them themselves. They do not realize that women prize the little courtesies, the little attentions and evidences of thoughtfulness more than money. It is the invitation to the little outing or vacation, the little trip to another city, the bringing home of tickets to the theater or opera or to the concert or lecture—it is the hundred and one little things that make the average woman happy and not merely the fact that her imperative wants are supplied in a lump sum.

Most men overlook the fact that it does not take so much, after all, to satisfy the average woman. It is largely a question of the right spirit, of doing the things which indicate thoughtfulness. Just giving a wife a check once in awhile, no matter how large it may be, or telling her to draw as much as she needs from your bank account will not satisfy a womanly woman. It is yourself she wants with the money.—Success Magazine.

STORE WINDOW LIGHTS.

Regulations For Their Control as Applied in Berlin.

The regulation of artificial lighting in connection with show displays is a subject which has been given comparatively little attention by the municipalities of this country, considering the extent to which it is used for this purpose in large cities. That this phase of the lighting question demands closer scrutiny there can be no doubt, and it might be well for information on the matter to be had in those cities which have given it study. Stringent regulations have been submitted in Berlin and other European cities, where merchants were inclined to take advantage of laxity in the premises. In Berlin lamps outside shop windows must not be lower than ten feet above the pavement or project more than forty inches from the wall. Where the lighting in the windows is done by oil, petroleum, gas flame or Welsbachs there must always be a sheet of glass not less than one-tenth of an inch thick under the lamps and running the whole length and breadth of the shop windows, so as to completely cover the articles in the window, and nothing is to be put above the lamps. The lamps must be at least forty inches below any inflammable part of the construction and ten inches from any such part horizontally.

There are also regulations as to iron screens where there is bare wood and as to efficient ventilation. Bare flames are not allowed in lighting the gas. This must be done by chemical or electrical kindlers or by electric distance spark kindling arrangements especially sanctioned by the authorities. The regulations for incandescent electric lamps are about equally strict.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

Friendship.

Friendship, this beautiful relation of life to life, soul to soul, is of most serious import. It sometimes makes our warmest friend in reality our worst enemy. Bad qualities in a friend are false lights—they lure to evil. Many of us are constituted so that it is easy for us to form friendships. Let us be careful of those thus brought under our influence and power. Let us keep them unsoiled. Let us feel that grave responsibilities lie in our friendships and that they also enshrine glorious opportunities.

Sold.

It was the first performance of one of those overadvertised shows from New York.

"You don't think much of it," said the manager in surprise. "Why, the whole house is sold."

The critic smiled knowingly.

"I don't doubt it," he replied as he jotted down another roast. "I heard several people in the audience say the same thing."—Chicago News.

Sam Houston's Retort.

General Sam Houston was a master of stump speaking and bitter invective. Once while addressing a large audience he was interrupted and asked what he thought of a certain politician. Without hesitation he replied, "He has every characteristic of a dog except fidelity."

Sufficient Reason.

Rector—We have poor congregations in summer, don't we, dear? Rector's Wife—I should say so! There isn't a decently trimmed hat in the church before the 1st of October.—New York Times.

To know the disease is the commencement of the cure.—"Don Quixote."

Tom Belden's Burglary

By W. I. SCANDLIN

Copyright, 1906, by H. Sprague

The familiar number, 120, painted in white upon the brownstone steps, suggested to Tom the lateness of the hour and, unlocking the vestibule door, he removed his shoes. Entering the house he softly closed and bolted the door and, shoes in hand, groped his way to the stairs.

As he passed the door at the top of the flight he thought he heard someone moving in his aunt's apartment. He had placed his foot upon the first step of the upper flight when a flood of electric light made the hall as bright as day.

In its sudden glare Tom saw the glittering barrel of a revolver looking in his face and heard the command "Hold those shoes at arm's length and back down into that ballroom behind you. If you try to escape, I'll shoot you dead!"

Tom stood aghast. His impulse was to run, but as he looked into the muzzle of that gun he mechanically obeyed, and, arms at length, a shoe dangling from each hand and beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, he backed into the room, and the key was turned upon him.

He realized that he was in a grave predicament. He could hear voices in the hall and some one speaking into the telephone, presumably summoning the police. Could he escape before they arrived? He could perhaps swing himself out of the window ledge and drop to the pavement, but the danger of broken limbs and an ignominious capture caused him to abandon the idea. The only other means of exit was by the door into the hall, and it was locked. Clearly he must remain where he was until the police came, when he could explain.

TOM SAW THE GLITTERING BARREL OF A REVOLVER.

The bell rang. A detective and two officers entered.

"Good morning, ma'am. This is Mrs. Hapgood? Servant says you've got a burglar here under lock and key."

"Yes, officer; he's on the next floor in the hall room."

"Go up and fetch him," said the detective, and the two officers mounted the stairs. Mrs. Hapgood preceded the detective into the library.

"My brother, Mr. Waters," she began, "is connected with one of the morning papers. I have telephoned him, and he will be here soon. In his absence I am alone in the house with my maid and the cook. I retired about half past 11. The cook locked up downstairs, as usual, and is certain that every door and window was secure. I was awakened by some one moving about on this floor. I rose quietly and listened. I waited till I knew by the sound that the villain was just at the foot of the second flight, and then I turned on the lights, faced him with my revolver and quickly had him locked in the hall room."

"You're to be complimented, ma'am, on your nerve," commented the officer.

The officers came down the stairs with Tom between them. "There's a mistake here, sir," said one of them. "We'd better give the chap a chance to explain before we take him in. If he's crooked, he's the best disguised of any of 'em I ever seen."

"Tell Clancy to bring him in, and you go downstairs and find out if everything is O. K. there."

Tom had resumed his shoes and pulled himself together, and when he entered the library in charge of Officer Clancy there was nothing in his appearance to suggest the nature of his alleged profession.

"You are doubtless warranted, madam, in suspecting men of evil intent, but I assure you I am innocent of everything but a stupid blunder that led me to enter your house instead of my aunt's, with whom I am spending a few days. Her number, 120, is the same as this, but, as I know now, on the street below. The houses resemble each other very closely, and, strangely enough, my latchkey opened your door. Here it is. You may satisfy yourself, officer."

Clancy took the key, went out, closing both doors behind him, and reentered without ceremony.

"I can only offer you my most abject apologies and trust you will accept my explanation," Tom continued.

"Had you laid a grip on him, Clancy?" asked the detective.

"Yes, sir, but he's got a good big wad of money."

"Do you know, ma'am, if your money's safe?"

"Yes, it's undisturbed in the drawer of my dresser."

"This is no new scheme, ma'am, but I'm strongly inclined to think that in this case the gent is straight. If the people on the next street identify him we can let him go. But of course if you say the word we'll pull him in now."

"No; give him a chance to clear himself, but be sure before you let him go."

Tom now breathed freely. He knew that a few inquiries would set him straight, but he had greatly feared that he might be locked up while they were being made.

The officer returned from the estates and, stepping to Tom's side, reported:

"There's a pane of glass out of the rear extension window. The back door is open and the swag's all tied up in the tablecloth in the dining room and"—

Here the maid, entering excitedly, interrupted. "I'm sure, ma'am," she gasped, "I just heard some one moving in your room!"

"There's two of 'em, boys," whispered the detective. "Fit them bracelets." And Tom was handcuffed. "Clancy, go quietly upstairs and cover the door to the roof. Brady, watch the fire escape." Then, turning to Tom, "You walk quietly ahead of me, and if you give any signal I'll make you look like the outside ring of a target after pistol practice."

Instantly the situation became clear to Tom, but he knew his best course was to obey, so he started down the hall and quietly preceded the officer up the stairs.

At the top of the flight the detective stopped and listened. Suddenly pushing open the door of Mrs. Hapgood's room, he covered with his revolver the real burglar, who was pilfering the dresser.

"Here, Clancy," he shouted, "put the nippers on this man and take 'em both downstairs!"

They were halfway down when the front door opened and a tall, middle aged man of fine appearance entered. He was evidently prepared for the situation and was about to speak to the officer when, seeing Tom, he stepped forward and, extending his hand, exclaimed:

"Hello, Belden. How in the name of conscience did you come here, and what's all this about anyway?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Walters," answered Tom, "if I give you both my hands. It's difficult to differentiate just now, but if you can prove your identity and establish mine you'll put me under eternal obligations." Then, turning to the officer: "Say, man, don't you think I can get along without these ornaments now? I've helped you to catch a real thief, and it's time you let up."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Waters to his sister after the officers had gone with their prisoner, "I have known Tom Belden for years. He used to be our Boston correspondent."

Then he turned to Tom.

"Come on, my boy; let's go down to the dining room and see if that dratted thief left any cigars on the sideboard. I'll keep you with me until I think it safe to let you out. You might have further trouble finding the right key."

"I say, Mr. Waters," responded Tom, "if you'll promise not to give this yarn away to the boys I'll sign an agreement to stop at a hotel whenever I visit New York again and give you a key to my room."

Dead Ivory.

The idea that innumerable elephants are shot to supply the market with ivory is incorrect, as the majority is what is known as dead ivory—that is, tusks of animals that have died from natural causes in the bush, many of them perhaps centuries ago. Climatic and other influences cause the color of the ivory to vary from pure white to dark brown. The latter, however, is only a surface discoloration that can be removed by scraping. Climate, however, affects the substance to a very great degree, rendering some hard and brittle and in other cases increasing the liability to crack and split. Some of the ivory that arrives from the northern part of central Africa is exposed to the sun throughout its long journey on camels across the desert and has to be bound up in rawhide to protect it and prevent it from splitting. Trifling as a defect in the surface may appear to the uninitiated, it may reveal to the expert the presence of disease within or may enormously reduce the value of the tusk by rendering it unsuitable for some particular class of work.

Birds of Prey.

The sharp eyed hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to man or dog. A kite soaring out of human sight still can distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field mice upon the ground, and the distances at which vultures and eagles can spy their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell or of hearing that has hitherto been accredited them. Their keen sight seems better to account for their action, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight after the objects of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean doubtless smell and see, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays the eyes are good and have a distinct expression, though since they scent their prey from a short distance and swim up to it with greatest rapidity, smell may be called their real eye.

WHEN REST IS NEEDED.

Feeling of Uncertainty in Performance of Routine Work.

"When people fall into the habit of wondering whether they have done certain things it is high time for them to consider the advisability of a rest," said a physician. "There is no surer sign, to my mind, that the system is becoming overtaxed than this feeling of uncertainty.

"I was staying with a friend the other night, spending the night with him, in fact. He's a man whom I know pretty well, and I thought at dinner and through the evening, from a little nervousness in his conversation and manner, that things weren't all right with him, but I wasn't absolutely convinced till bedtime approached. We were sitting upstairs in his study, his family having retired, and he asked me to excuse him while he saw that the house was locked up. It was a still night, and I could follow his progress around the various rooms on the first floor. He seemed to me to be unnecessarily long, and, without being inquisitive, I really became interested to know whether he wasn't making the rounds twice. Finally I heard him go into the parlor, a room I was sure he had visited at least once before. When he came upstairs I asked laughingly how many times he had seen that each window was fastened. But he wasn't in a laughing mood at all.

"'It's a funny thing, old man,' he said, 'but I've been to see enough to look at each window two or three times. Do you know, it would strike me after I had left a room that perhaps I hadn't put the catch properly on one of the windows there, and back I'd have to go to make sure. Being in there, I'd examine the other windows again. It's been that way for half a dozen nights. Somehow doing these things doesn't seem to make the impression on me that one would expect. This lack of sureness isn't confined to looking windows either. I find myself at the office wondering whether I have given such and such instructions—instructions that are so much a part of my daily work that I suppose I give them mechanically and then forget them. Nine times out of ten I find everything is all right, but I'm not quite happy till I do. I guess I must be getting old and childish in my old age.'

"It was my turn to be serious then. I explained to him that his forgetfulness all came from being overtired. From habit he worked like an automaton, doing this, that and the other thing in his business or home life, but a great number of his actions were without the cognizance of the brain. He needed rest and if he did not take it he would break down.

"I got him away from cares for a bit, and the next time I saw him he laughed as heartily over the incident of the much locked windows as I pretended to. He doesn't know it, but he had a narrow escape. I'm telling this story that it may serve as a warning in an overstrenuous age."—New York Press.

Whistler and Color.

Although Whistler did not care for music, he made use of his technical knowledge for themes. "Symphony in Gray and Green." "Variations in Blue and Green." "Nocturne: Opal and Silver." "Arrangement in Black and Brown," are examples of this particular trait. His most ambitious desire was to paint a grand concerto-like picture with the title "Full Palette." "Just as in music," he explained, "when they employ all the instruments they make it 'Full Band.' If I can find the right kind of thing, I will produce a harmony in color corresponding to Beethoven's harmonies in sound."—Otto H. Bacher in Century.

A Big Saving.

"Listen!" said the man of middle age.

He was bending over the palmist, whispering excitedly in her ear.

"Listen!" he said again. "My wife is coming to you this afternoon to have her fortune told, and if you want to make some money on the side"—

He laid a bank note on the stuffed owl's head.

—"tell her on no account to buy a motor car, because you read in her palm that she is doomed to be killed in an automobile accident."—New York Press.

How He Remembered.

Professor Huxley had a funny way of remembering certain anatomical details of the human heart. On the left side of the heart there is a valve with two flaps resembling a bishop's miter and known as the mitral valve. The corresponding valve on the right side has three flaps. The only means by which he could remember their respective positions, said Huxley, with his skeptic's humor, was by the reflection that a bishop could never be in the right.

From Frying Pan to Fire.

"Life is full of contrariness and nonpayment of alimony," complained the woman as she took her seat reluctantly at her desk on the morning after the dance. "When I was married and had more leisure than anything else the days were long and deadly, but now that I am free and life might be one endless dream of gayety I have to work."—New York Press.

Safe.

"Now, dear," said the hero of the elopement as they boarded the train, "we are safe from pursuit." "And also," said the young girl radiantly, "safe from starvation. Here's a check papa made out to your order."—Exchange.

Life is such a poor business that the strictest economy must be exercised in its good things.—Schopenhauer.

Catarrh of the nose and throat should lead you to at least ask us for a free trial box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure. Nothing so surely proves merit as a real, actual test—and Dr. Shoop, to prove this, earnestly desires that we let you make that test. This creamy, Snow White healing balm, soothes the throat and nostrils, and quickly purifies a foul or feverish breath. Call and investigate. All dealers.

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His Hour of Triumph

By SIDNEY AYRES

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It was an interstate contest and 15,000 spectators had assembled to witness the foot race, the long jump, the high jump, the throwing of the hammer and other feats of agility and strength. Among them were Edith Lawson and Isabel Daws, who had arrived upon the grounds escorted by Edith's brother Dick, but he had left them to speak to one of the athletes and had disappeared. This incident had put the usually smiling and amiable Edith out of temper, and long before the first trial on the programme had been called she was in a captious mood and wishing she had not come. Miss Daws, on the contrary, was all enthusiasm and anticipation, and her exclamations finally brought forth the remark from Edith:

"What a stupid thing to waste our time over. These so called athletes

TOOK THE DISTURBER BY THE NECK AND DRAGGED HIM INTO THE SMOKER.

ought to be put to sawing wood and made to earn an honest living. Look at that one swelling around as if he had saved a dozen human lives!"

"Why, that's Tommy Hope," was Isabel's reply. "If I only dared, I'd call him over here and introduce myself. He's just one of the nicest fel"—

"If he isn't a bully then I never saw one!" interrupted Edith. "See him swagger as he walks. If he was introduced to me I'd snub him good and well."

"Why, Edith Lawson! Tommy Hope is the champion high jumper and runner, and they say that he is the best boxer in college this year. His folks are among the most"—

"Respectable of saloon keepers, probably," sneered the pretty girl. "So he's a prize fighter with all the rest. Nice company we are in."

Miss Daws was about to protest and argue further when the high jumpers were called. There was a field of eight, and each and every one of them was cheered as he took his place.

"Eight of them," observed Miss Daws after counting, "but none of them will stand a show against Tommy Hope. You will see him sail over the highest bar like a bird."

"But any well trained horse could do the same thing," was Edith's reply. "He'd better be sailing into some honest work, but he'll never do that as long as the people will crowd to see these shows. If I had brother Dick here I'd box his ears."

"Get ready to clap your hands, Edith. There he goes!"

"I won't even look."

Tommy Hope took the run and the jump and cleared the bar that had brought others to grief. In return the crowd raised a mighty cheer. The applause lasted five minutes, but Edith Lawson didn't join in.

During the next half hour she criticised the crowd and berated her brother, and her friend realized that she was in a pet, so diplomatically left her alone. Then the running race was called, and Miss Daws' suppressed enthusiasm burst forth again.

"It will be Tommy—our Tommy—again!" she exclaimed in her excitement. "Oh, Edith, how sorry I am that you can't appreciate athletics as the rest of us do. You see, men are made strong, agile and muscular by this training. Suppose that our Tommy had to run for his life?"

"He would if offered a job at a dollar a day," replied Edith.

"What a girl you are! But there goes the bell. Now they are taking their places. Now the signal is to be given. Now— Go it, Tommy, go it! Oh, Edith, Tommy is gaining—he is creeping up—he is leading! O-o-o-h, such sprinting! Tommy will win! He has won!"

"And I am going home."

Some folks are built that way, even some young ladies, and the only way is to let them hug their theories until circumstances arise to change their opinion. One could not have safely predicted that such circumstances would ever arise in the life of Edith Lawson, but fate is more powerful than man.

Within a month she was speeding westward in reply to an invitation from an aunt whose favorite she was, and, more than that, she was traveling alone. Though unchaperoned, she was not a lone passenger in the drawing room car that whirled her across the prairies. Opposite her sat a young man whose appearance pleased her at first sight. That he was a gentleman she immediately decided. He made no opportunity to speak to her. There were six or eight other passengers, all more or less sociable, and, in one way and another, all but the young man came to make the acquaintance of Miss Lawson before the first day of the journey ended.

After the very first glance at the young man the girl was puzzled. She felt sure she had seen him before, and she ransacked her brains in vain to remember where and when. This impression grew stronger whenever she stole a glance at him, and by and by she was much vexed at herself for her failure to recall him. If the truth was known, she was a bit vexed with him as well. If he wanted an introduction he could have had it easy enough, and that he didn't rush to secure it rather piqued her.

Next morning after breakfast a tough looking fellow, who was riding in style for the first time in his life, entered the car and a few minutes later was ogling Miss Lawson and making himself obnoxious. The young man opposite politely requested the flashy youth to desist and was promptly consigned to a climate that is hotter than this. He didn't go. He simply took the disturber by the neck and dragged him into the smoking car and flung him into a seat with a bang. That was the last of the disturber. He didn't like the atmosphere of a drawing room car. Miss Lawson would have thanked the stranger, but he gave her no opportunity. He simply returned to his seat and resumed his reading as if nothing had happened.

That evening as the passengers left the eating house where they had had "twenty minutes for dinner" a cowboy with a couple of guns belted about him and too much liquor within him freshly hailed Miss Lawson and pretended to recognize her as a Miss Thompson. It was a lamentable failure. He was picked up some way, somehow, and dropped off the platform, and the young man who did it never even looked back to see if there was to be any shooting. He might have been thanked again if he hadn't been so busy with his own affairs.

Things were coming to a head, however. At midnight that night the train was held up at a water tank. There were five in the party of ruffians, and three of them entered the sleepers and commanded passengers to "shell out." The command was promptly obeyed in the first two cars, but the man who started to work the trick in the Idaho ran up against a snag. The reserved young man brought out a gun and did some shooting. He went outside and did some more. In fact, led by him, the passengers rallied and killed two robbers and drove the others into the woods. Miss Edith Lawson was one of the many passengers who offered her hand in congratulation, and thus it came about that the two finally introduced themselves. When the stranger said that his name was Benny Hope, but that the public insisted on calling him Tommy, the girl flushed up and exclaimed:

"Why—why, there was a Tommy Hope at the interstate meet of athletes six weeks ago!"

"Yes, I was there."

"And you j-jumped?"

"I jumped, Miss Lawson."

"And you—you sprinted?"

"I sprinted. Did you happen to be there in person?"

"Y-yes, and I told my chum, Isabel Daws, that I hated athletes. I—I said that an old horse could beat you all at running or jumping and that you—you"—

"That I ought to be sawing wood, perhaps?" he laughed. "Well, I shan't hold it against you."

And he didn't. If he had, how could they be engaged at the present time, as announced in the society columns? It is more than likely also that Miss Edith has changed her opinions and is a warm champion of the "cause."

How Williams Got a Gift.

In the last century there lived in a western village a gentle old man subsisting on a meager salary. One day he learned that his brother had died in San Francisco and left him a fortune of many millions. The transition was staggering, especially so since it was followed by a shower of appeals for money from every quarter of the globe and from persons known and unknown to him.

His son, who acted as his secretary, noticed with regret that the father seemed unable to grasp the meaning of his new power and was glad to have him at last evince a little interest in one of his begging letters. It proved to be from Williams college, asking an endowment on the plea that the old man's birthplace was near the institution.

"I'd like to do something for that school," said he meditatively.

"Well, I would, father, if I were you," his son encouraged him.

"I believe I will." The old man's ardor kindled. "I believe I'll give them something handsome."

"So you should," the son pursued. "Why not?"

"I will. I'll give them"—he thought for a moment—"I'll give them $100!"—Boston Herald.

Safer.

"Do you think a flying machine would be safer than the ordinary means of exploring the arctic regions?"

"Much safer," answered the inventor. "It would be likely to break down before the party got as far as usual from civilization."—Washington Star.

January Proverbs.

Many old proverbs exist regarding this season of the year. Among them are:

"If the grass grows in January
It grows the worse for all the year."
"A January spring is worth nothing."
"Under water dearth, under snow bread."
"March in January, January in March."
"If January calends be summerly gay
Twill be January weather till calends of May."

Caught.

"Well, well! I'm surprised to hear of Miss Passay being engaged to Mr. Guyman. He's so awfully fast, you know."

"Oh, I don't know! Apparently he wasn't fast enough to get away from her."—Philadelphia Press.

A SEASON IN LONDON

WHAT IT COSTS TO PLAY HOSTESS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.

It Needs a Long Purse to Entertain During the Five Months That the English Metropolis Is the Fashionable Center of the World.

The London season in the accepted meaning of the term extends from the opening of parliament in the middle of February to the Eton and Harrow match in July. For these five months London is the fashionable center of the world, and houses in the west end are almost unobtainable. The cost of a season in town to those who aspire to take their place in society runs to a huge sum, and even the country M. P. whose wife desires a small house on Pont street or Sloane square finds that £1,000 goes a comparatively little way, even though he limits his entertaining to a few small dinner parties for his intimate friends and perhaps one reception.

It may be said at once that there is no limit to what may be spent by an ambitious hostess for one evening's entertainment, and it is by no means an uncommon thing for a ball or a large dinner party to run well into four figures. A few years ago the Duchess of Devonshire gave a fancy dress ball at her palatial town house in Piccadilly at which practically the whole of London society was present, headed by the king and queen. This was one of the most magnificent events of its kind ever organized, and it was estimated at the time by those who were well qualified to judge that it must have cost nearer £10,000 than £5,000.

This, however, was quite exceptional and, indeed, is outside the powers of all but a very few to imitate. Without aspiring to these heights a lady desiring to live in the west end of London and to maintain a reasonably "smart" reputation needs a very long pocketbook.

House rent, of course, is one of the biggest items. While many either own their town houses or lease them for a term of years, most of those who do not propose to live permanently in London hire a house unfurnished for the season. This may cost anywhere from £400 to £1,000 for a period of six months. According to one of the leading house and estate agents in the west end, £690 is about the average paid for a good house for a season.

This does not, of course, include rates and taxes. Rates, however, in the fashionable residential quarters of London are very light, owing to the fact that there are practically no poor to be provided for in these parishes.

The next expense to be considered is in connection with carriages and motors. Very few of those who only spend the season in town bring their own carriages with them, preferring to hire from job masters. A smart victoria and a pair of horses, with coachman and footman, cost about 5 guineas a week, though much more has to be paid for special horses, silver plated harness, etc. A brougham is almost a necessity for evening work, and this costs at least another 2 guineas a week, or one of the fashionable electric landaulets can be hired for 2 guineas a week. Thus for a three months' visit at least £100 must be assigned for carriages.

It is the entertaining that a society lady is compelled to do, however, that runs away with the money. It is necessary for her to give at least two evening receptions during her stay in town, and for each of these £250 is not too much to set aside. A string band will cost anything up to £30 or £40, according to the number and quality of musicians, while if one of the Guards' bands be inspired to the sum just named will need to be doubled. Then there are singers and other entertainers to engage, and these may cost anything from £1 to £100 each.

Supper or light refreshment, together with the necessary wine, waiters, helpers, etc., does not leave much change out of £100, even with the utmost economy, and, of course, the sum that could be spent on this item has no limit. At a stand up supper given by a well known American resident in London last season £10 per head for each of the 200 guests present was paid to a leading contractor, and the writer is informed that this is nothing out of the way and, indeed, is often exceeded in the course of a London season.

Flowers are a very important feature with every hostess, and weekly florist bills of £20 are by no means uncommon. At a reception a short time ago it was estimated that the cut flowers and plants used for the decoration of the rooms must have cost at the very least £1,000. These, however, included banks of rare orchids and other costly flowers. Ten pounds a week may be assigned for flowers and £100 for a ten weeks' season.

Dinner parties are also very expensive, and here again it is almost impossible to assign any definite sum, but £200 over and above the ordinary expenses of the household may safely be put down under this head.

We now approach a very delicate question, but one of paramount interest to the fair sex—that of gowns for the aspiring society hostess. A leading judge the other day stated in court that £1,000 might not be too much to give by a lady of position, and in such a case might even be a necessity, so that it is very hard to say what amount of money may not be spent in this direction.

It is impossible, of course, for a lady to appear at more than two balls or receptions in the same frock in the course of a season, and, as she will attend at the very least twenty of these, she will require a dozen or fifteen dresses, each of which will cost anything up to £50, or, say, £1,000 for dresses. These will probably be worn out later at the theaters and minor functions or will be put away to be worn at hunt balls and similar entertainments when the wearer returns to her country home. An increasing number of society ladies sell their castoff frocks to secondhand dealers, but they rarely or never get more than 30 per cent of the original price for them.

Then there is the presentation at court to be taken into consideration. This is an indispensable function for any lady, as otherwise she cannot receive recognition in society. The writer has the authority of a well known leader of fashion for the statement that this costs, with the greatest economy, £500.

There are many other minor items mounting up in the aggregate to a goodly sum which might be considered, such as servants, visits to theaters, restaurants, etc. From the foregoing, however, it will be clear that £5,000 is not too much for a lady who, while anxious to avoid any unnecessary extravagance, is at the same time anxious to make her mark in London. This sounds a very large sum, but it is one that is more often than not exceeded by those who, after all, take but a minor position in what Jeames de la Pluche designated the "hupper suckles." What the real leaders of society spend during the course of a season it is almost impossible to guess.—London Tit-Bits.

A Remarkable Carrier Pigeon.

A remarkable story of the sagacity and physical endurance of a carrier pigeon is told in Nansen's story of his arctic explorations. One day the pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. It was immediately opened, and the little messenger was covered with kisses and caresses by the explorer's wife. After an absence of thirty months from the cottage the pigeon had brought a note from the explorer over a thousand miles of frozen waste and another thousand of ocean, plain and forest.

Advantages of Kilts.

The London Tailor and Cutter observes with its usual keen insight into human nature: "No one has yet suggested the utility of kilts. They never bag at the knees, nor do they ever require patching at that part, and their hygienic properties are proverbial."

Where He Saved.

Two residents of a suburban neighborhood were talking of the merits of gas and electricity and their comparative cost. "Well, I haven't figured it out carefully," said the man who used electric light, "but I know I save a lot of matches."

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, dated 1695, £230 was given at a recent sale in London; while one by Nicholas Lupot fetched £210.

==THANKS==

THANKS to you sir, who for the past 20 years have favored us with patronage,

THANKS to those who come occasionally,

THANKS for complaints that "jack us up" and keep us particular about your needs.

THANKS for compliments that we hear every day, due to painstaking efforts to serve the public.

THANKS to all, and we shall be glad if all are as thankful as we are.

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ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, and an ACT OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY, entitled, "an Act to supply vacancies in the Legislature of this Commonwealth," approved the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1839, I, Geo. W. Mitchell, High Sheriff of the County of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean County, that a

SPECIAL ELECTION

will be held in the said County of McKean, on TUESDAY, the 15th day of January, A. D. 1907, being the day fixed by the President of the Senate of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of electing a person to represent the 25th Senatorial District in the Senate of Pennsylvania, for the remainder of the term expiring November 30th, A. D. 1908, viz.:

One person for State Senator.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin, at the building known as Simpson's store, now Macedeec Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, on the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Edcett's barn.

Third ward, First district—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At Epworth Hall, next door to Methodist church on the North side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the grass trade near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a portable building erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Corea, a house owned by D. F. Roberts located on the west side of Union street in the town of Corea.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by B. D. Towne, across the highway from said Towne's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 3732, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at hose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred—Building owned by School District, on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelhurst.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The west room of the second floor of the city building on the west side of Railroad street in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall situate at Morrison

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said Hall, situated on the South side of the public highway leading through East Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith shop.

Second district—At new building of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 31 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—In Jack Brooster's barn on the north side of Field street.

Third ward—The lower floor of Truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Public street in said third war .

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—The Hose House on the south side of the Main Road in the Village of Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Alisha K. Knox, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardeau.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the Village of Bixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The Old School House on the North Side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, next to John Nelson's store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—In the old residence of D. O Black at Freeman.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 1st day of January, A. D. 1907.

Geo. W. Mitchell, Sheriff.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

George B. Richmond,

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Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

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